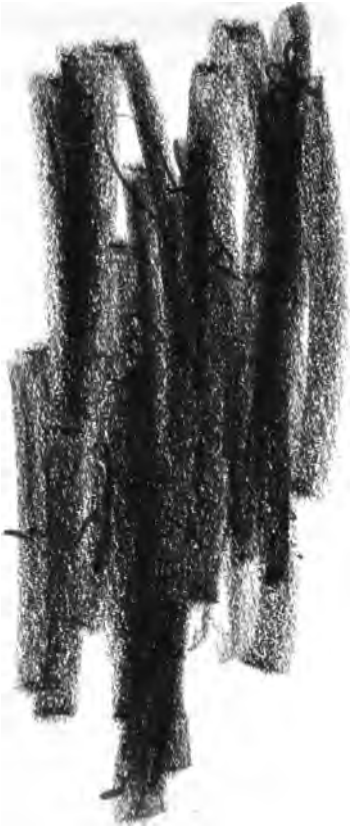
The Christian Gentleman

LOVIS ALBERT BANKS



THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN

BY

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TO

MY FRIEND

DOREMUS ALMY HAYES,

A GENTLEMAN OF THE CHRISTIAN TYPE,

This Volume

IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED BY THE

AUTHOR.

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN

I

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN IN THE TEMPLE OF THE HUMAN BODY.

WHEN dealing with a man the first thing that confronts you is his body. This is true of all men — good, bad, and indifferent. A series of discussions intended to inspire thoughtfulness tending toward a well-rounded and thoroughly developed manhood, that did not give earnest heed to the physical basis of such a creation, would be lame and faulty in the extreme.

A man's body, however it may come to appear to him in old age, when the lighthouse of the home harbor is in sight and he is about to tie it up to the dock like a weather-

beaten ship, is of the highest importance throughout the working years of his life. If life is compared to a voyage, the body is the ship in which the heart and soul, the intelligence and emotion, which make up the inner and controlling manhood, are to sail. The winds and currents that sweep across the sea of life are to test the vitality and endurance of this physical life-ship which carries so precious a cargo. If a wise captain is careful that his ship shall be built of strong timbers, well framed together, thoroughly seasoned, and rigged in the manner best adapted to safety and speed, and makes sure that no barnacles are hanging to her hull to retard her onward progress; surely the young voyager on life's sea, having but this one ship, and but the one chance to sail between time and eternity, cannot afford to be careless of the building, the equipment, or the skilful management of the vessel which carries the precious freightage of his life.

All upward aspiration, all noble ambition, all hope of great intellectual or spiritual attainments, must take into account the condi-

tions of the physical body. The body is the background of all the achievements of a man's life. As Jacob, in his dream at Bethel, saw a ladder standing on the ground, but reaching up to heaven, and angels ascending and descending upon it, bringing him into fellowship with highest and noblest things, so it is the privilege of our human bodies to be the temples of the Holy Spirit. Thoughts born in our brains, affections conceived in our hearts, climb the ladder of hope and faith and love, aspiring toward and entering into fellowship with God. But let us never forget that one end of the ladder of all our hope and faith and dreams of holy achievement, so long as we live in this world, has its resting-place in our physical condition. A diseased body may hamper, or thwart, or even dethrone the most brilliant and noble intellect.

Paul, who was a virile and in every way a manly man, compares the body of a good man to a temple. He says, "Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost." The thought of the body as a temple is very noble in its suggestion. In all ages, among all peo-

ple, it has been regarded as a foolish and wicked thing to profane or desecrate by mean and vulgar usage a temple which has been consecrated to the worship of God. Paul's idea is that the human body of a man who has a worshipful spirit is such a temple. It has been dedicated to high and noble uses, and should be watched and guarded from anything that would profane its holy character.

Reflection and observation will show us that, other things being equal, a man who has a healthy, well-developed body, disciplined for the work of life, will have an immense advantage in undertaking any useful career. The men who have made their mark most strongly on the generation just passing out have been almost universally men of remarkable physical equipment.

Among statesmen they have been men like Gladstone, with a body which, from the strong hand and arm that can swing the ax in the forests of Hawarden to the voice which eighty years and more have not been able to rob of its music, has been the perfection of physical

development; men like Bismarck, a German giant, called the "man of iron," but whose endurance was made possible by the massive body of tempered steel behind it. In our own country, how much did James A. Garfield, Abraham Lincoln, John Sherman, and James G. Blaine owe to their imposing physical ability? — the last named, and one of the most brilliant, cut down in mid-career by the failure of his body. Who can tell what William J. Bryan, in the stirring political contest of a year ago, owed to the superb physical machine which made it possible for him to stand the strain of one of the greatest oratorical campaigns in human history? Surely the debt to the body was very great.

Among journalists Horace Greeley, the elder Bennett, William Cullen Bryant, and the late Charles A. Dana were all men of the most remarkable physical power. Mr. Dana, who has just succumbed to the arrow of the King of Shadows, was a man whose body would have attracted attention anywhere. It was my fortune three years ago to come home from Europe on the same steamer with him,

and tho he was then seventy-five years of age, the carriage of his body was so superb that wherever he passed among the passengers everybody turned with looks of admiration. His step seemed as elastic, his shoulders were held aloft as buoyantly, and his eye was as enthusiastic, as in youth.

The great preachers give us the same suggestion. Dr. Fowler, the eminent phrenologist, declared with enthusiasm that Henry Ward Beecher was "a perfect animal." No man ever heard Phillips Brooks, Boston's Greatheart, preach, without feeling, in addition to the forceful intelligence and spiritual uplift, the magnetic force of the good man's marvelous body.

I do not mean to seem to teach, however, that no men with sickly or frail and weak bodies have accomplished wonderful service for humanity and achieved great triumphs ; what I would say is that these men have won, not because of their frail bodies or imperfect physical ability, but have gained a large measure of success in spite of the terrible handicap they have carried. Many such men are splendid

examples of the message I wish to bear you. Take Dr. James M. Buckley, of New York city, one of the greatest religious editors of our time, a well-known and strong personality in many fields of usefulness. He has been hampered all his life by a frail body; he inherited consumption, was given over to die by his physicians in his youth, and would have been in his grave thirty years ago, with the greater part of his life-work unaccomplished, had he not given to the training of his body and to carefully treasuring up and increasing his physical ability the most earnest and watchful attention. And tho now past middle life, he still keeps his body in working order by persistent watchfulness.

This illustration leads me to speak a word of encouragement to any who are by inheritance furnished with a disheartening physical outlook. It is undoubtedly a great blessing to have inherited a strong and healthy body. General Neal Dow, the Prohibition hero, who kept all his faculties bright and clear until past ninety-three, attributed his extraordinary health and activity to such extreme old age

chiefly to having come of good stock. His ancestors were Quakers who lived temperate, industrious, open-air lives, and had bequeathed him a wholesome constitution. But many of you come into the world with tendencies to disease in your physical make-up, or with bodies dwarfed by the stress of life in the generations before you. It is not for us to give up in despair because we have been denied large and healthy bodies ; rather, we should take the physical talents that have been put into our hands, and make the very best of them. A good deal goes for heredity that belongs to our own carelessness or lack of discipline. If the present generation of young men do not do much more than their fathers in every department of public service, it will be their own fault. The opportunities for knowledge in regard to their own bodies, the privileges of gymnasiums and physical instruction within the reach of every boy and young man in any of our large towns and cities, were impossible and undreamed of a generation ago. A young man should regard it a religious duty to see to it that his body is not only kept in as healthy a state as pos-

sible, but is developed and trained to the highest condition of physical usefulness. There is a proverb which says that every man is either a physician or a fool in regard to the care of his own health at forty years of age. Alas! that there are so many who are certainly not physicians!

The great danger to the body, however, is on the side of self-indulgence. The wrecks of self-indulgence meet us on every street. We need to remember that the body is like water, or fire, or electricity — an indispensable servant but a despotic and ruinous master. We are to use our bodies, making them our servants, and under no circumstances coming to be their slaves. If you have ever seen a kangaroo jump, you have noticed that it jumps with its hind legs; but, after all, it is the kangaroo, and not the hind legs, that jumps. A man jumps by his body; he can make no progress without it; but it is the man, and not the body, that jumps. The body is to be kept under government, and here lies the first and ever-present temptation which has caused the overthrow of more young men than anything

else — a temptation to overindulge the appetites of the body.

Anything that harms the body, or that in any way prevents it from being the best possible machine for doing the work of life, or the best possible messenger of one's thoughts, or the best channel of communication for one's affections and high ambitions, is to be regarded as the most deadly enemy. It is not a question whether it is wrong in itself or not. Many things that are perfectly right in themselves, and indeed have no ethical quality whatever, come to be moral and religious questions when they affect our power for usefulness. For instance, if eating too much beefsteak of the very best and most wholesome quality causes a man to be heavy and dull in his mind, takes off the keen edge of his energy, makes him sluggish and lazy, he should by all means eat less; and if he continues, knowingly, to gormandize, he is a sinner against his own body and against God. If a cup of coffee makes a man nervous and irritable, or if it affects his digestion, so that he becomes dyspeptic in body and thought, then coffee to that man

has become a stumbling-block, and profanes his temple, whatever it may be to others. Many young men are undermining their nerve force by the use of narcotics. A brilliant young fellow in New York city, not long since, became a hopeless invalid through the use of cigarettes. A few years ago a millionaire in one of our cities was told by his doctor that he must quit smoking, or he would have heart-disease; but he doubted the wise man's wisdom, and went on, until the physician said, "You must quit at once or die." Then he roused himself and brought all his great will-power, which had ever stood him in stead when he had battled with strong men in financial operations, to save his life. But it was too late. In less than three months the millionaire money king perished, the victim of a rice-paper pygmy. Many men are not overthrown of lions, not broken down by great sins; but their muscles are made flabby, their flesh soft and spongy, their nerves staggering and uncertain, and their lives are blighted, because they are eaten of moths in little self-indulgences.

It is not my purpose to emphasize specially at this time the danger of indulgence in strong drink. I take it for granted that those who gather to hear a discussion of the conditions of the life of a Christian gentleman already know that, however fascinating the wine-cup, at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

The picture I would set before you is that of a young man who takes the physical body bequeathed to him by his ancestors as the gift of God, and seeks to make the very best out of it; who watches every portal with fidelity, that no enemy may come in; but with equal earnestness seeks to strengthen and beautify and adorn the temple in which he lives and works and worships. There could be no better picture for us than the young Daniel who refused the fascinations of the king's table and turned aside from the wine that tempted, choosing the wholesome food and pure life that not only gave his cheeks the ruddy color of healthy youth, but built up a strong body which was the background of his splendid career. Such men do not wear out easily. They do not

tremble in the hour of danger. Like Daniel, even in old age they are able to look a lion out of countenance, and take him for a pillow in his own den.

II

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN IN THE SECRET CHAMBERS OF HIS IMAGINATION.

OUR subject is difficult because it belongs to the realm of the unseen and spiritual, whose priceless values are not easily measured. It is easy to weigh and measure gross, material things; it is easy to tell what they will do under a given set of conditions. It is not hard to compute the force of a waterfall like Niagara — easily within human power to draw off a portion of it, as has recently been done, and, harnessing it down to the work of civilization, estimate just how many spindles it will turn, how many canal-boats it will drive, how many cars it will speed on their way, or how many towns a hundred miles distant it will light. Given the weight of a cannon-ball and the number of ounces of powder exploded behind it in the gun-barrel, and it is

easy to tell through how many miles of space it will be hurled, and how much destructive power it will have when it strikes. But when we undertake to weigh love, or hope, or fear, or ambition, or fancy, it is more difficult. Who could have foretold how much vitality there would be left in David's Shepherd Psalm after being thrown across a chasm of forty centuries? Who could have prophesied the unabated vital force of the conversation which Jesus held with the fishermen of Galilee after eighteen hundred and fifty years had come and gone?

Nothing seems so elusive when we try to measure it as the imagination; and yet it is the creative element in the mind in every sort of constructive work, whether of the mathematician, the inventor, the explorer, the poet, the painter, or the prophet of religion. Herbert Spencer says that, "rightly conceived, imagination is the power of mental representation, and is measured by the vividness and truth of this representation."

A little reflection will convince any one that the imagination is the chief fortress of the

human mind, and must be reckoned with first of all, after the body itself, in the building up of a strong character. The imagination is often strong enough to overcome all surrounding circumstances, and cause a man to live as though they were not. It is related of Emerson that he was walking down School Street in Boston on the day set by the Millerites for the end of the world. A friend met him and remarked, "Do you know, Mr. Emerson, that they say the world is to be done away with at two o'clock this afternoon?" Emerson looked thoughtful for a moment and then replied with philosophic composure, "We can do very well without it."

The imagination can give to a poor man all the sensations of wealth. A young French writer had occasion to visit the great Paris publisher, Charpentier. He found him engaged with a gentleman who was a stranger to himself.

"Yes, my dear Charpentier," said this stranger, "it is going to be a complete surprise to my mother; she doesn't know a thing about

it. You see the château and grounds are laid out in this way."

Then the stranger proceeded to trace a map of the grounds of a splendid estate. He pointed out where the house was to be built, and entered into the most elaborate details of the architecture, the adornment, and the furnishings. The poor man of letters as he listened felt the greatest admiration and envy at the nonchalant way in which this stranger talked of such a lavish expenditure of money.

After awhile, when the talker went away with his grand air, the younger man ventured to ask, "Who was that gentleman?"

"That was Balzac," said Charpentier.

"Balzac! Why, he must be making a great deal of money out of his novels."

The publisher smiled. "What do you suppose was his business with me just now? It was to get me to advance him five hundred francs on his next volume — which isn't written yet — to pay his board bill!"

The imagination can make a well man ill. A friend of mine, a distinguished clergyman who

has the reputation of being remarkably cool-headed, thought on one occasion that he noticed in himself some traces of palpitation of the heart. A day or two after this he went to a distant town to attend a convention which was to last several days. He was entertained in a private family, and had scarcely lain down on the bed in his room the first evening when he was astonished that the palpitation of his heart seemed to be worse than he had ever noted before. He felt sure that the bed moved every time his heart beat. He said to himself that he must be getting in a very bad condition when the throbbing of his heart shook the bed like that! Being a man of very determined will, he turned over on his side, forced himself to think about something else, and went to sleep. He awoke about two o'clock in the morning, and to his dismay found the bed shaking again at every beat of his heart. This both surprised and alarmed him, for up to this time he had always found his heart regular and composed when awakening from a sound slumber. He was so greatly disturbed by it that he finally arose and dressed, and busied him-

self in writing until morning. On going down to breakfast, his hostess inquired as to how he had rested. He replied that he had slept only fairly well, as was usually the case with him on spending the first night in a strange place. She remarked that she was fearful he would be disturbed by an electric light plant situated on the next block, which caused the beds to shake in every house in that neighborhood. It is needless to say that my friend saw no further traces of palpitation of the heart during the remainder of the convention.

On the other hand, the imagination is often the source of healing to a sick man. Many people who visited Denver two or three years ago, and after shaking hands with a hitherto unknown cobbler came away to enjoy better health, are examples of the power of the imagination — an insane imagination on the part of the cobbler and a morbid and credulous imagination on their own part.

The power of the imagination may be illustrated from every side. Rossiter Johnson has recently said that the best talkers are those who talk imaginatively. He does not mean by

this those who "draw the long bow" in conversation, but those who tell the truth imaginatively.

Certainly we know that there is no such teacher in the great realm of human nature as fiction. Its power must rest in the fact that men feel intuitively that the man or woman portrayed imaginatively by the great artist in fiction is more near the true, real personality than we can discover in any other way. Take those wonderful Scotch stories of Ian Maclaren's in *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and *Auld Lang Syne.* The whole civilized world has been laughing and crying over these Scotchmen in the Highland glen. Their attraction is that we see them in a halo — a glow of warm imagination. I suppose that if we were to hunt the glens through we should never recognize with our poor outward vision such women as Marget, such doctors as William Maclure, or such worldly-wise saints as Drumsheugh; and yet no doubt Maclaren has given us the truest portraits of Highlanders that have as yet been made. Many an old Scot, reading those word-pictures, has been

ready to cry out, "God knows I wanted to be just such a man as that!"

History often finds vivid recital in the same way. General O. O. Howard once remarked to me that in his judgment the truest history of the War of the Rebellion would be in the great works of fiction that would some day appear, portraying those tragic events.

Sin entered into this world first through the imagination. Whether you take the book of Genesis to be a literal history of what occurred, or a figurative portrayal, it will still teach you the same great lesson that through the imagination sin gained the citadel of the human heart. The serpent called Eve's attention to the beautiful fruit that ripened on the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. His appeal to her was infinitely seductive. He promised that if she should eat thereof she should become wise as the gods, all mysteries should be unraveled, and she should know the why and wherefore of all things. Certainly nothing could be more tempting to a perfect feminine creation, such as Eve was, than this lying prophecy of the serpent.

The imagination is to-day the fortress of evil. This is true in the financial world. The greatest perils there are born of a greedy imagination. The wildest dreams of fiction are not more marvelous than some of the actual swindling schemes men dream out under an unbridled fancy. A discovery a few months ago of the origin of certain counterfeit silver dollars is an illustration in point. Counterfeit silver dollars suddenly appeared which, unlike most counterfeits, were made of genuine silver; indeed, they were discovered because they had more silver in them than the regular government dollar. When this came about, two government detectives remembered an incident which had occurred in San Francisco two or three years before. These men were in a liquor-saloon in that city one evening, and overheard a conversation of a group of men on the subject of counterfeiting. One of this group was an old miner from Montana, who said that it was a wonder to him that somebody hadn't thought of the scheme of taking advantage of the low price of silver bullion to make counterfeit dollars out of real silver,

as it was possible to make a fortune out of it, and there would be no way of detecting the cheat. These detectives reasoned that the man who had thought of this scheme two years before was probably the man who, after dreaming over it and letting it burn in his imagination, had actually set to work to do it. They set themselves to hunt down the old miner, and, sure enough, in finding him they located the chief counterfeiter.

The beginning of all sin is like that. Its source is in the imagination, and many sins are committed there that never have outward incarnation in deeds.

Some strange passages of Scripture become clear as day in the light of this discussion. Take that saying of James that a man who hates his brother is a murderer, and the one of Jesus, that a class who hate another circle of their fellow beings are "whited sepulchers full of dead men's bones," and see how, when you bring them together in the light of the importance of the imagination, they fit into one another. A great many men commit murder in their imagination, and incur its guilt,

who never have a chance to do it with their hands. They used to say of some desperado out on the frontier, "He keeps a private graveyard of his own"—having reference to the victims of his murderous lawlessness. But in the light of our theme we can see how many outwardly decorous, and it may be professedly Christian, men and women who sit in church pews keep "a private graveyard of their own." Down deep in their secret chambers of imagination lie bleaching the bones of the men and women whom they have slain. No wonder some people have a surly expression, a sour and sarcastic and moldy smell to their conversation—they are walking graveyards.

Paul declares that it is the mission of Jesus Christ to capture this stronghold of the imagination. He says: "For the weapons of our warfare are not of the flesh, but mighty before God to the casting down of strong holds; casting down imaginations, and every high thing that is exalted against the knowledge of God, and bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ." According to this,

a man is not truly a Christian gentleman until his imagination has been captured by Jesus Christ. It is not only what a man does, but what he wants to do, what in his secret heart he dreams of accomplishing. There are many thieves whose hands never steal, many adulterers whose deeds never violate the law of chastity, many murderers who never shoot, or stab, or poison. These men are kept outwardly honest and chaste and law-abiding because of the fear of consequences. The true way to judge ourselves is to ask the heart-searching question, "What would I do if all outward laws, whether of the statue-book or of social fear of my fellow-men, were withdrawn?" That is the real man. And when once a man is free to choose what he will, it is this inner imagination of the soul that will dictate destiny to him, good or ill.

The true Christian gentleman, then, is not only the man who is honest, upright, and wholesome in his outward life, but the one whose quiet meditations, hidden musings, and secret longing are in harmony with the pure and noble spirit of Jesus Christ.

If any who hear me are painfully conscious of falling far below that standard, and are ready to cry out in despair, "How can I save myself from the evil imaginations that tempt and torment me from day to day?" I bring you the good news of the divine Christ who once met a man who had an evil spirit—a spirit so vile that it drove him from his home and made him an outcast among the tombs of the dead. And when Christ met this man he had compassion on him and cast out the evil spirit, and the after life of that man was full of peace. It may be so with any man who hears me this day.

III

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN AS ONE OF THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

THE whole universe is keyed to a song of work. Nothing is at rest. Everything is constantly changing, going on toward perfection, or dissolving its elements into some new form that it may do newer and better work. In nature everything is working and growing. Life is coming up out of death, and defeat is only the starting-point for a new victory. Up in New Hampshire last summer I saw a great spruce stump many feet through that had growing out of its heart a vigorous young yellow birch-tree; and I thought if the spirit of the old spruce were hovering about it must rejoice to see the new life that was springing from its ancient roots.

It is in a world like that we are placed, and we must work, or be out of harmony with all

the conditions of life in our sphere. It is not a question whether we have money enough to carry on an existence without the wages which our work is capable of earning. With most of us work is imperative, but we are under just as much obligation to work in the one case as the other. A man has no more right to be a drone when he is rich than when he is poor. The man who serves no good purpose in the world, and makes no return in toil of muscle or brain or spirit for all the good gifts of God in modern civilization which he absorbs, is a pauper. If some one else has toiled and acquired money or property with which they have endowed him, then he is an endowed pauper; but he is a pauper nevertheless.

There is a peril which seems to be a growing one in American civilization, in a class of people who are relieved from the imperative necessity of earning their daily bread because of the great fortunes they have inherited, and who do not seem disposed to give any return to society for what they receive. The only thanks they give is to the dead hand which reaches out of the grave through an ancestor's

will and dowers them with gold. That they owe anything to the workers of civilization who hedge their wealth about by law and order, who bestow upon them literature and music and the comforts and refinements of modern life, they do not seem for a moment to appreciate. Serious political struggles on which depends the good government of the land in which they live do not arouse them from the sluggish monotony of their self-indulgent lives. Ian Maclaren, in writing his *American Impressions*, says that a friendly observer of American affairs must deeply regret the conduct of this class, who in all ordinary circumstances seem to prefer to look out on public life "through the loop-holes of retreat." We have now and then a splendid exception to this in such men as Theodore Roosevelt and President Low of Columbia College; young men who, tho inheriting large wealth and high social position, have refused to be drones in the hive of life, but have thrust themselves into the thick of the fight for the best things in culture and government.

I have called especial attention to this phase

of modern life because I think there are many young men who are born to poverty, and find themselves at the open door of the world compelled to struggle for their standing-place, challenged at the very outset to prove their right to exist, who are tempted to feel that in being poor and having to work they are somehow discriminated against by Divine Providence, and are to be pitied. As a matter of fact this is not true; but for a young man to believe it, is to cut the nerve of his highest possibilities. Jesus Christ, who was the highest type of the Christian gentleman the world has ever seen, chose to be born a poor man, and lived the life of a village carpenter until he entered on his public ministry at thirty years of age. His highest encomiums are upon workers. He says, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." No man has a right to count it a misfortune that he has to share the fate of Jesus Christ as a worker for his daily bread.

I think there has been a good deal of false teaching on this subject which is beginning to bear an evil fruit. A recent writer makes a very interesting criticism on the contrast be-

tween the heroic spirit which animated most of the characters in the fiction of Mr. Bret Harte, of a generation ago, and the plaintive, grumbling, pessimistic people about whom Mr. Hamlin Garland is writing stories to-day. This writer says that Mr. Garland's people do not seem to live in a breezy, enthusiastic way, but go to their toil in a spirit of hopelessness. They seem to look at life as a sort of treadmill where men perform their fierce labor in a spirit of anger and rebellion, and yet are a weak sort of men who do not have the force necessary to make their rebellion effective. To use the words of this critic, the men of the later novelist "complain, and sometimes they grow brutal toward their womankind, but their revolt carries them no farther. They have altogether lost the fighting spirit. They shrink and cower before the winter's cold; they shudder and wince at the pain of husking corn with worn fingers; they swear and rage over the discomforts of heavy work in hot weather. They do the thing they hate because they cannot get away from it. One looks in vain for any trace of that gay courage and defiance of

hardships which animated, for instance, the men who 'dammed the Sacramento,' or inspired the little band of outcasts in Poker Flats. Equally wanting is any remnant of that stern delight in the conflict with an unwilling and grudging nature which made the life of many a New England farmer a heroic epic. For them the hardships and discomforts of life loom large, and its courage and inspiration do not exist."

This loss of heart and spirit is a fatal loss. I do not believe it is so general as Mr. Hamlin Garland and some other writers would have us believe. I think some of these gentlemen look through warped glasses; and tho they bring us back what they see, they do not see the best, but the worst, in modern social conditions. But after making due discount for that, I believe it is probably true that we have come upon a time when many men are resenting the compulsion of toil, and look upon their labor not as a mission full of glorious possibilities to themselves and fraught with blessings for others, but as a hard stint which must be performed in order to obtain physical comfort.

Such an attitude toward one's work is, I repeat, fatal to all noble achievement. There is more hope of something good and worthy coming out of the miners and cowboys Bret Harte used to write about, with all their faults and sins, than there is prospect of building up a worthy Debs commonwealth from the weaklings who are forever complaining, but never doing as long as they can escape from it. No noble career is possible when once the fiber of manhood, with its spirit of hope and courage and determination to do something noble and worthy, has lost its virile strength.

The Christian gentleman will realize that there are three parties to be taken into consideration in planning for his life-work — God, self, and fellow-man. We are not all made in the same mold; we have a diversity of talents and gifts, and each one of us is a separate study of Almighty God. Some men have more adaptability than others, but most of us have some special bent toward a certain kind of work where we can be worth a great deal more than anywhere else. It is fighting against God to take a young man who has a fond-

ness for machinery, who from his first baby talk has wanted "to see the wheels go round," and undertake to make a preacher or a doctor or a bookkeeper out of him. There is no more important epoch in any man's life than that in which he earnestly and seriously chooses a career for himself. It should always be done with special reference to one's individual talents. A man who would make a first-class doctor might make a dry-as-dust preacher. A man who might make a splendid electrician would possibly fail entirely as a lawyer. A man who would make a grand carpenter or a good blacksmith might not be successful in keeping a grocery store. There is nothing in the world sadder than an honest, earnest man meant for a round hole, but driven into a square one. I never go along the street and see the sign, "Misfit Store," but it saddens me. It means a great many things. A man has ordered a suit, and died before it was done; or when it was completed he did not have money enough to pay for it; or, if it is an honest sign, the tailor has failed to fit his customer, and there is disap-

pointment all around. A misfit is always the cheapest thing in the market. The tailor will sell you a garment that has in it the very best and highest-priced goods of his whole store, one on which his best workmen have wrought, for less than half-price, because it is a misfit, and utterly worthless unless somebody can be found to accommodate himself to it. The saddest thing in the world is a misfit man. If you have any special trend or bent toward a particular occupation which is worthy, do not let any ordinary difficulties of life turn you from it. The struggles which intervene in order to reach your purpose will make you the stronger and nobler man in your work when you have won your victory.

When once you have chosen your work, stick to it. There never was a truer Scripture than that which says that a double-minded man, who is unstable in all his ways, one that wavers like the sea when driven of the wind and tossed, will never receive any worthy success. God cannot give victory to such a man. Chauncey Depew tells this story: Andrew Johnson, having become President on

the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, and having suddenly changed his politics, the fear was imminent that he intended to revolutionize the government. He wanted to remove from office the great Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton. Everybody felt that Stanton was the citadel of nationality with so erratic a President. At this juncture Charles Sumner framed a message and sent it from the Senate of the United States, immortalizing a common English word in a sentence that was all comprised within two words, "Stanton, stick." So I would say to every one of you, having settled the matter as to what your career is to be, *stick* at whatever cost.

You may see this lesson illustrated in every strong and stalwart life of our own or any other time. Mr. Edison has just made a new discovery which promises to be one of the very greatest inventions of his wonderful career. The scientific world is agog with interest at his process of recovering by means of electricity the iron contained in low-grade ores, which up to this time have been only waste rock because there was no method of

gathering the scattered particles. This great invention, which is now a splendid success, and which will have an influence on the iron industry throughout the whole world, has cost Mr. Edison years of the most exacting toil, and into the necessary experiments he has put three millions of dollars of money. The editor of the *Electrical Review* says, "This new great triumph gives new ideas of the dogged determination and constant courage of this man of mental equipment and physical vigor, who seems unable to cease from an undertaking until success comes." All great work is wrought in that spirit.

The Christian gentleman will always be greater than his work, and yet will regard his work as the crystallization of his truest hopes and ambitions for the upbuilding of humanity. It is not *what* we do, but the *spirit* in which we perform our work, which has most important influence on our character. One may deliver an oration, or a sermon, or make an astronomical observation, in the spirit of a slave; and, on the other hand, a man may make a horseshoe, or put up an electric wire,

or collect fares on a street-car, in the spirit of a self-respecting Christian gentleman. If a man goes to his work in the spirit of a slave, then the noblest vocation in life becomes mean and vulgar; but there is no work necessary to be done for the progress of civilization so common but that it may become romantic and heroic because of the noble, lofty spirit in which it is performed.

The Christian gentleman will not lose sight of the fact that he is a fellow-worker, and must live toward all other workers in the attitude of his divine Leader. He will carry to his daily work the sympathetic heart, the self-denying spirit, the patient kindness of Jesus Christ. Sam Walter Foss sings what to me seems the proper attitude of the Christian gentleman toward all his fellow-workers. He says:—

"There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran;
But let me live by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
  Where the race of men go by;
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
  As good, and as bad, as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
  Or hurl the cynic's ban;
Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
  And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
  By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
  The men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears,
  Both parts of an infinite plan;
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
  And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,
  And mountains of wearisome height;
And the road passes on through the long afternoon,
  And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
  And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
  Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
  Where the race of men go by;
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
  Wise, foolish, and so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
  Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
  And be a friend to man."

IV

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN IN THE PURSUIT OF IDEALS.

SOME seventy years ago, in the garden of an old country house in northeastern Germany, a little Dutch lad was playing in the snow. On the pedestal of a statue broken by the French soldiers when they had swept over Prussia and Poland nearly twenty years before, he had piled the snow into the rude likeness of an enormous man, which he was pelting lustily with stones and snowballs. The boy was not much more than ten years old, but unusually tall for his age, and very strong and active. His features were plain, and even heavy, but there was a nameless something in the expression of his firm lips and large bright eyes in which a close observer might have seen the promise of great things to come. Shot after shot hit the great white figure, but tho the giant tottered, he did

not fall. Then a sudden and startling change came over the boy's face. His teeth clinched, his eyes flashed fire, and his whole face seemed to harden as, seizing a heavy stone, he hurled it with all his might at the monster, which trembled, fell forward, and broke into a thousand pieces.

"Hello, Otto, what art thou doing?" cried an old servant who came up at the moment.

"I am Germany overthrowing France," replied the lad, with a glow of stern triumph on his boyish face which quite transfigured it for the moment.

The iron chancellor, Bismarck, was the result of that boyish ideal.

Every land, and every department of human life, bears testimony to this formative power of the ideal in character.

A young lawyer up in New Hampshire, who was poor and without powerful friends to help him on, set for his ideal to thoroughly master every cause, no matter how insignificant, that came into his hands. One day a petty insurance case was brought to him. The fee promised was only twenty dollars. Yet to

do his clients full justice he found he must journey to Boston and consult the law library. This involved an expense in those days of above the amount of his fee; but after hesitating a little he decided to go to Boston and consult the authorities, let the cost be what it might. He gained the case.

Years after this he was passing through the city of New York. An important insurance case was to be tried that day, and one of the counsel had been suddenly prostrated by illness. Money was no object, and the New Hampshire lawyer, then known to all the world as the famous Daniel Webster, was asked to name his terms and conduct the case.

"It is preposterous," said he, "to expect me to prepare a legal argument at a few hours' notice."

But when they insisted that he should look at the papers, he consented. It was his old twenty-dollar case over again, and having a remarkable memory, he had all the authorities in his mind, and won the suit. The court knew he had had no time for preparation, and were

astonished at the skill with which he handled the case.

"So, you see," said Webster, as he related the incident to Josiah Quincy, "I was handsomely paid, both in fame and money, for that journey to Boston."

The same lesson speaks from lofty, heroic characters everywhere. The ideal dictates destiny. Nothing can permanently stand in its way.

Furthermore, a noble ideal reflects its glory in the face and form and life of the soul it dominates. Some poet sings of a certain woman, —

> "Her face was pinched and pale and thin,
> But splendor struck it from within;'

on which Dr. Gannett comments that splendor from within is the only thing that makes the real and lasting splendor without. Within lies the robing-room, the sculptor's workshop.

Such characters shine out through the homeliest fleshly covering. A little Shakeress, with a plain, meek face beneath a large green sunbonnet, was hastening along the street one afternoon so as not to keep the elder wait-

ing in the big wagon, when she unwittingly ran against a small newsboy, and sent his papers flying in all directions. After assisting the youngster to collect his wares, and dropping a nickel into his hand with the apology, "I'm sorry for thee, and my carelessness, my son," she hastened away. The little fellow gazed after the retreating figure with awe, and at last muttered to his companion the question, "Say, Mickey, be that the Virgin Mary?"

The little boy was not so far wrong, perhaps, for no doubt the same blessed ideal of purity that dwelt in the heart of the mother of Jesus dwelt in her.

The story is told of an old-fashioned proslavery man in those hot antebellum days, who for the first time in his life came to look on a bust of the hated John Brown. He stood looking at it in silence for a long time, and at last with a sigh exclaimed, "Well, he *ought* to have been hung!" "Why so?" inquired a gentleman at his side. "Because," was the answer, "he makes all the rest of us look so mean."

Not only does the noble ideal reflect its glory on the person yielding it reverence, but

it throws its romantic splendor over all common prosaic things. Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, once strolled through a miserable Mexican village. The shadows were creeping over the cabins where weary women came and went in silence, and ragged, lazy men sat smoking at the cabin doors, while children played in swarms by the water. The air was like a breath of God, and all nature seemed as sacred as rest to a tired man. A black, bent, old negro woman, all patches from head to foot, frosty-headed and half-blind, came crooning forth with a broken crock tied together with a rawhide string, in which she had planted a flower to grow by her door. He stopped, watched her set it down and arrange it; and then, not wishing to stare rudely at this bent old creature, he said, "Good evening, Auntie; it's a pretty evening." She slowly straightened up, looked at him, then looked away at the fading sunlight on the hills, and said softly, "Oh, it's a pretty world, Massa!" That old woman was a poetess — a prophetess. She had a soul to see the beauty, the poetry about her. "Oh, it's a pretty

world, Massa!" She had no other form of expression, but that was enough. Hers was the password to nature. There was in that old crippled black woman the same glowing soul revealed in William Blake's sublime words when he says, "I assert for myself that I do not behold the outward creation, that to me it is a hindrance, and not action. What! it will be questioned, when the sun rises do you not see a round disk of fire somewhat like a guinea? Oh, no, no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host crying, 'Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord God Almighty!'"

It is better for a man to fail in a noble struggle, inspired by a lofty purpose, led onward by a worthy ideal, than to meet the most flattering success on a low compromise plane of living. That is a very suggestive line in Robert Browning's *Saul*, in which the great poet declares that, —

> ". . . . 'Tis not what man Does which exalts him,
> But what man Would do!"

There is suggested here a great truth which needs constant emphasis. It is not what we

accomplish so much as what we struggle to do, and the ideal that animates the struggle, that makes its deposit in the formation of character.

Along the Columbia River, below the Cascades, for more than a hundred miles there are wide-reaching fields which are subject to overflow. Every two or three years, when the snows are melting in the far-off Rocky Mountains, an enormous flood of snow water, flowing from mountains hundreds of miles away, deluges all this region of the lower Columbia, and does on the surface of things a vast amount of damage. Fences are swept away; frequently cattle and sheep and hogs and chickens are destroyed. As the floods usually come in July, the growing crops are obliterated, and, if the farmhouse is strong enough to stand, the farmer's family, after an absence of six weeks, comes back to find ten inches of soil on the floors of the second story. Yet no intelligent farmer in all this region would be willing to do away with these occasional floods; for this swirling tide of muddy water that sweeps over everything,

destroying much, leaves behind it a wealth that surpasses many fold what it takes away. It deposits over all these fields a rich virgin soil, which will grow marvelous crops without the addition of any artificial fertilizer. These farms never wear out, thus constantly enriched by the turbid floods that engulf them.

There is something like this suggested in this poem of *Saul* from which we have already quoted, in which David describes how the beauty of the spring-time and summer comes to the rugged mountain: —

"Have ye seen when Spring's arrowy summons goes right to the aim,
And some mountain, the last to withstand her, that held (he alone,
While the vale laughed in freedom and flowers) on a broad bust of stone
A year's snow bound for a breastplate,—leaves grasp of the sheet?
Fold on fold all at once it crowds thunderously down to his feet,
And there fronts you, stark, black, but alive yet, your mountain of old,
With his rents, the successive bequeathings of ages untold —
Yea, each harm got in fighting your battles, each furrow and scar
Of his head thrust 'twixt you and the tempest — all hail, there they are!
Now again to be softened with verdure, again hold the nest

Of the dove, tempt the goat and its young to the green on his crest
For their food in the ardors of summer."

We can see the analogy to all this in real life on every hand. Here is a man who has to struggle with poverty from his childhood. While yet a boy he is thrust into business by the hard hand of necessity. He begins at the bottom, and battling against odds, he climbs upward step by step. His ideal is to be a strong, honorable, worthy business man, and to this end he denies himself luxury and ease, toils early and late, and holds himself relentlessly to his task. Now the success that the man may achieve in business is by no means as important as the deposit of rugged, honest manhood which is made in his character by every conflict that he passes through. He may die a millionaire, or through misfortune in business spend his last days in a home for old men; but the results of noble motive and honorable struggle are just as surely achieved and treasured up in his mind and heart in the latter case as in the former.

There must have been something of this

thought in Paul's mind when he wrote that splendid third chapter of his letter to the Philippians, and penned or dictated those oft-quoted and sublime words: "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect: but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

The Christian gentleman, struggling under the inspiration of such a motive, enshrining so lofty an ideal in his heart, will find that the daily combats of life will constantly leave something of righteousness and goodness in the character of his aspiring soul. The soiled and seemingly cruel current of life, sweeping over, will leave its residuum of fruitful soil, in which the graces of the Spirit will grow and blossom with the fragrance of heaven. To such a personality there can be no such thing as real defeat. If we may look again through the

eyes of Browning, we shall behold in our struggler —

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

V

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN IN HIS RELATION TO WOMEN.

It seems very strange that in ordinary society almost every reference to the relation of men and women should be taken as a joke, and as the proper theme for raillery and ridicule; for, after all, the question which more than almost any other will have to do with settling destiny for a young man in this world and the next is the question of his relation to women. Every critical side of a man's nature has under all normal conditions woman associated with it. As mother, sister, friend, wife, daughter, a man's pleasure as well as duty brings him in contact with womanhood from the cradle to the grave. That he may be born into the world at all, a woman goes down into the shadow of death to meet his childish, groping fingers. Womanhood watches over him in his weakness,

when he is a little helpless bundle of suction, giving back nothing, requiting nothing, not knowing enough to feel either love or thanks. When he is old enough to prattle and play and gambol in childhood's hour, bewitching girlhood is his sweetest and most fascinating playmate; while the background of all that young life continues to be womanhood's sympathetic face and kindly bosom. As manhood begins to dawn, he finds interwoven in all the lore of books, and wealth of poetry and pictures, as well as all that is beautiful and idealistic in society, the ever-changing form of woman. His highest hopes, his noblest struggles, his most heroic achievements, lose the highest element of joy and the keenest zest of realization unless they are shared by some congenial womanly soul.

When old age comes, and the weakness of a second childhood gathers about him, it is to woman that he must turn for patient sympathy and compassion. Woman gives man life; that life is lonely and dwarfed and helpless without her brooding tenderness in youth, her chaste fellowship in middle life, and her compassion-

ate sympathy in old age. He pillows his head upon her bosom in babyhood; and her hand is the last that soothes his fevered brow as he is about to die. Surely, the question of man's relation to woman is second only to his relation to God.

I have thus seriously introduced our theme because I wish to put emphasis on the statement that no man can thrust the question of his relation to women aside as a matter of secondary or minor importance. It is a matter of first importance. At every step, from youth to age, some woman will be coming into the arena of your life, and your attitude toward her will be a very good index finger to point out your destiny for good or ill.

It is not good for man to be alone — by himself, or with other men only. Man without woman is only half a man, and his nature cries out for the full complement of his being. The story is told of a celebrated Italian nobleman who had been very unfortunate in his marriage. In early life he was wedded to a beautiful and brilliant woman who turned out to be unprincipled and wicked, and her cruel

folly broke his heart and blighted his life. His grievous domestic sorrow soured and embittered him, until he made a foolish resolve that his baby boy, who was the only fruit of his unhappy union, should never look upon the face of a woman till he became a man. He retired to a castle hidden away in the fastnesses of the mountains, and remained faithfully in this secluded spot until his son was twenty-one years old, when he took the shy and handsome youth to a great banquet at the foot of the mountain. A number of beautiful girls were present at this feast. "Who are those creatures?" exclaimed the trembling and fascinated boy in the ear of his father. "My son," sadly replied the older man, "they are devils, black-eyed devils. I have had experience with one of them, and they are dangerous. Your happiness consists in keeping away from them forever." The evening was spent in viewing magnificent collections of art, conversing with polite and entertaining fellow-guests, and in the enjoyment of the feast. On leaving, the father said, "Now, my son, tell me what you would rather have of all the things

you have seen on your first entrance into the world." He reflected for a moment and replied, "Father, I would rather have one of those black-eyed devils than all things else in the world combined."

There is no use fighting against God. He saw that man needed woman. Eve was given as a helpmeet for Adam, and no man in this world can divorce himself from womankind without limiting and dwarfing his own manhood in the most cruel way.

What, then, shall be the relation which the Christian gentleman shall sustain to women? Undoubtedly it must be the relation of Christ to women. If we examine into that relation, we shall find that Christ treated women just as he treated men. He was a whole-hearted, respectful, courteous brother to women as he was to men. If you will notice his conversation with people, you will never notice any change in the tone when he changes from talking with a man to talking with a woman. Christ never seemed to think it necessary to flatter women, to patronize them, or to regard them in any other way than as comrades on

an equal footing. How immensely superior to his age Christ was in that respect! In that day woman was considered base, low, and vulgar. Man was thought to be immeasurably superior to woman. She was his beast of burden, or his plaything. He was often kind to her, as one is kind to a kitten, or a pet over whom one has the absolute mastery. Christ introduced a new order in the treatment of women. His whole attitude said, women are our equals, they are our sisters. When the woman came out from Samaria to draw water at the well, and found Christ resting there beside it, he entered into a memorable conversation with her as naturally and simply as if she had been a man. When his disciples came back they were greatly astonished and marveled among themselves that he would condescend to talk thus intimately with a woman. And notwithstanding the tremendous advance of civilization, and the working of the leaven of Christianity in human society, there is yet great necessity for putting the emphasis on this attitude of Christ toward women. The failure of good men, Christian men, to regard

women as on an equality with men in the rights and privileges of life is the cause of vast injustice, and of great sin and sorrow.

It is the chief reason why women are paid to-day, not according to the work they do, but according to their sex. Go into any of these large stores in the city, and you will find a young woman and a young man standing at adjoining counters; on the average she is as bright as he, as well fitted for her work, as faithful in doing it, sells as many goods; but when the week's salary is paid, she receives from one-fourth to one-half less than does he, because of an aristocracy of sex which permeates every avenue of commercial life.

A few years ago, in the great strike of the Western Union Telegraph operators, there occurred a suggestive incident. There were among these operators a large number of women, though a small number compared with the men. One of their demands was that women should be paid the same price as men for the same service. After a time, as you know, the strikers were compelled to surrender, and the strike was declared off. Then

from the central office of the great corporation there went forth a flash of lightning over the wires, that carried with it a thunderbolt to many a home. The lightning said, "Take back all the men who apply for reemployment before a certain time; but let not one woman who joined in the strike be reemployed." And I am told that that cruel and senseless revenge was carried out to the letter.

This incident only proves that in the financial as well as in the social world what is regarded as pardonable in a man is unforgivable in a woman.

> "Yes, stone the woman — let the man go free!
> Draw back your skirts, lest they, perchance,
> May touch her garment as she passes;
> But to him put forth a willing hand
> To clasp with his which led her to destruction
> And disgrace. Shut up from her the sacred
> Ways of toil, that she no more may win an
> Honest meal; but ope to him all honorable
> Paths, where he may win distinction;
> Give to him fair, pressed-down measures of
> Life's sweetest joys. Pass her, O maiden,
> With a pure, proud face, if she puts out
> A poor, polluted palm; but lay thy hand in
> His on bridal day and swear to cling to him
> With wifely love and tender reverence.
> Trust him who led a sister woman
> To a fearful fate.

> Yes, stone the woman — let the man go free!
> Let one soul suffer for the guilt of two —
> It is the doctrine of a hurried world,
> Too out of breath for holding balances
> Where nice distinctions and injustices
> Are calmly weighed. But ah, how will it be
> On that great day of fire and flame,
> When men shall stand before the one true
> Judge? Shall sex then make a difference in
> Sin? Shall he, the Searcher of the hidden
> Heart, in his eternal and divine decree
> Condemn the woman and forgive the man?"

The Christian gentleman, however, cannot take any such attitude. He realizes that to Jesus Christ, his supreme Ideal, sin is just as dark and disgraceful in a man as in a woman. He does not forget that hour when a shrinking, timid woman was brought into the presence of Christ by a great rabble of men, and accused of grievous and shameful sin. Christ looked upon her with compassionate eyes, and looked about upon the men whose faces were covered with sneers of accusation, and said in substance, "Let that man among you who is not guilty of the same sin hurl the first stone at her." Then to give them time to think, Jesus stooped and began to write in the sand. The men looked into each other's

faces with chagrin, their angry clamor grew still; until, when Christ looked up again, all had taken their departure save the abashed woman. "Go, and sin no more," was his word of dismissal to her.

The Christian gentleman must hold himself to the same rule of honorable conduct that he expects and demands of the Christian woman. He will not only scorn to tempt any woman to sin, but he will seek in the spirit of his Master to protect and defend all women from harm. I knew a young newspaper reporter in Boston, a Christian gentleman from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, who, as he was passing through the street on his duties late at night, was accosted by a young girl who had recently come from a good home in the Provinces, but whom the basest treachery had thrown upon the street. Instead of insulting her, or permitting himself to be tempted by her, or turning from her with the austerity of a Pharisee, he spoke kindly to her, and drew out the main facts of her story. He conducted her safely home, promising that he would see what could be

done in a quiet way for her help. He went to some young men of his acquaintance who were gentlemen of the Christian kind like himself, and these young men made up a purse, and sent her back to her home in the country. That was Christian manhood.

In the Christian gentleman there will always be that element which a woman's need will arouse to immediate action. A young woman in a Western State who lives near to a railroad crossing was looking out of the window one day when she saw a man jump from one track to the other to escape an approaching freight-train. He was apparently dazed by terror, and stood still, not seeing that from behind an express-train was rushing down upon him. The girl saw that before she could make him understand his danger it would be too late. She therefore threw up her arms, shrieking wildly, "Help! help! help!" trusting to the impulse which sends a true gentleman on the instant to the relief of a woman in distress. "I'm coming!" shouted the man, springing toward her in time to escape the engine as it rushed past. He stared back at it, and

then at the young woman crying and laughing in the window, and, taking off his hat with trembling hands, said, "I owe you something, Miss," and walked away.

The endangered man owed his safety as much to the innate nobility of his own character, as to the quick wit of the young woman.

Every day of our ordinary lives will furnish the Christian gentleman some opportunity to be a noble comrade to women as well as men. A lady was once traveling with her weak-minded father in a railway train from Providence to Boston. Before they arrived in Boston, he became possessed of a fancy that he must get off the train while it was still in motion, that some absolute duty called him. His daughter endeavored to quiet him, but it was difficult to do it; she was just giving up in despair, when she noticed a very large man intently watching the proceedings over the top of his newspaper. As soon as he caught her eye he rose and crossed quickly to her.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "You are in trouble. May I help you?"

She explained the situation to him.

"What is your father's name?" he asked.

She told him; and, with an encouraging smile, he bent over the gentleman who was sitting in front of her, and spoke a few words in his ear. With a smile the gentleman arose, crossed the aisle, and took the vacant seat. The next moment the large man had turned over the seat, and, leaning toward the troubled old man, had addressed him by name, shaken hands cordially, and engaged him in a conversation so interesting and so cleverly arranged as to keep his mind fully occupied. He forgot his need to leave the train, and did not think of it again until they were in Boston. Here the stranger put the lady and her charge into a carriage, received her assurance that she felt perfectly safe, and was about to close the carriage door, when she remembered that she had felt so safe in the keeping of this noble looking man that she had not even asked his name. Hastily putting her hand against the door, she said: "Pardon me; but you have rendered me such a service, may I not know whom I am thanking?"

The large man smiled as he answered, "Phillips Brooks," and turned away.

I do not know that I can conclude our study of this theme better than by quoting what the widow of one of our distinguished army officers has called "the gentleman's Psalm." It would be well if every young man would inscribe it indelibly on the page of memory. "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart. He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor. In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not. He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved."

VI

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN WITH HIS FRIENDS.

A TRUE friend is the best investment anybody ever makes in this world. He gives value to everything else. Wealth, honorable position, may fail of their power to bless through the lack of sincere and sympathetic friends. Tho a man have uncounted millions at his disposal, and is friendless, an intelligent hod-carrier who rejoices in the fellowship of some hearts that are true to him would not envy the lonely man of gold.

We are largely molded in our characters by our friendships, and should therefore enter upon them with the greatest care. In the old cruel days when the French Bastile was at the height of its infamy, a prisoner was confined behind its hopeless walls. He was in a lonely dungeon, not allowed to speak to any one, and without a sound of life to break the awful mo-

notony of silence and despair. One morning his horrible condition was relieved by finding a tiny, sprouting seed forcing its white tendrils out of a crevice of his cell-wall. No child or man or woman accustomed to happiness can imagine the joy of the poor prisoner as he discovered the promise of fellowship. He did not know what the little plant might be. But the very uncertainty and mystery about it added a new interest to his life. He now had something to watch during the hours of the day, and something healthy to wonder about in the darkness when he could not sleep. Day by day he watched the little plant in its growth as it unfolded leaf by leaf. What would it be when grown? At last he began to make the plant a prophet of his future.

"If," he said to himself, "it proves to be a useless, noxious weed, I will take it as God's message that my life is useless in this world, and I am to die; but if it be a flower, then he bids me hope, and I will take it as a promise of deliverance."

After this his fate seemed to be growing with the growth of the plant! Finally, a

morning came when he awoke to find all his cell fragrant with the delicate, penetrating perfume of the mignonette. At first he thought he was still dreaming; then he thought of the plant, and sprang to discover if this were indeed its message. The pinkish plumes were beginning to open into tasseled blossoms which were strange to him; but it was sweet with hope, and in its perfume he scented life and freedom, so he kissed it with a child's joy, and christened it anew "The Frenchman's Darling." It proved to be a true prophecy; and a little while after the prisoner walked forth a free man, with that little plant in his hands as his talisman.

Friendship is like that. It will either poison us or ennoble us. Oliver Wendell Holmes says that a friend is the only one who has a latch-key to the side door of the heart. "Be very careful," says the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, "to whom you trust one of these keys of the side door," for, as he declares, some of them have a scale of the whole nervous system, and can play all the gamut of one's sensibilities in semitones, touching the

naked nerve-pulps, as a pianist strikes his instrument. A stranger can not get very many notes of torture out of our souls; it takes some one that knows them well.

Susan Coolidge has the same thought in one of her poems: —

"Roses have thorns; and love is thorny too;
And this is love's sharp thorn which guards its flower, —
That our beloved have the cruel power
To hurt us deeper than all others do.

The heart attuned to our heart like a charm,
Beat answering beat, as echo answers song, —
If the throb falter, or the pulse beat wrong,
How shall it fail to grieve us or to harm?"

A noble friend is our constant inspiration; an evil friend is a deadly fascination which leads downward. To make good friends, knitting our hearts into fellowship with noble and true souls, is one of the divine privileges of our manhood.

But if we are to have friends, we must show ourselves friendly. If there is no friendly spirit in our own hearts, all other hearts will seem cold and selfish to us. There is a little fable of a cold firebrand and a burning lamp that started out one day in company to

see what they could find. The dead firebrand came back, and wrote in its journal that the whole world was dark. It did not find a place wherever it went in which there was light. Everywhere there was darkness. The lamp came back and wrote in its journal: "Wherever I went it was light." It was the same world, but the difference was in the observers. So two men go out into the journey of life, and after they have been gone fifty years they come back, and we ask them what kind of a world it is; and one replies, It is a cold, selfish world. Every man is looking out for himself, and cares not whether his neighbor lives or dies. Wherever I went was selfishness. Men closed their hearts against me. I found them suspicious and forbidding. Take it altogether, it is a loveless, cold world. We turn to the other, and, with a smile of joy, he replies, The world is full of friendliness. Wherever I have gone, among the poor and among the rich, among the learned and among the ignorant, nothing has surprised me so much as the royal sympathy of human hearts. I have found friendship everywhere. Of all

the treasures I have gathered in my journey of fifty years none are so sweet to me as my friendships. It was the same world, but the men were different. It would be a good thing if some of us could be inoculated with a spirit of friendliness.

A little girl was sitting at the breakfast table when a ray of sunshine, dropping through the window, fell on the spoonful of rice she was lifting to her mouth. She exclaimed in excitement, "O mamma, I have swallowed a spoonful of sunshine!" I am sure I could make some of you happier as long as you live if I could be your physician, and prescribe a bottle of friendliness to be given in four doses a day — when you first get up in the morning, and before meals, with the bottle well shaken. For I put the emphasis again and again on the point that to have friends you yourself must be friendly.

"If you have a friend worth loving,
  Love him! Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
  Tinge his brow with sunset glow;
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend, till he is dead?

If your work is made more easy
  By a friendly helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
  Ere the darkness veil the land;
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness
  All enriching as you go;
Leave them — trust the harvest-giver,
  He will make each seed to grow.
So, until life's happy end,
You shall never lack a friend."

The Christian gentleman must, in the very nature of things, choose as his chief friends those who are also friends of Christ, who must be always the first Friend of his disciples. Many a brilliant young man who has been most genuine and sincere in his purpose to live a Christian life has lost his friendship with Jesus, and has come to middle life bankrupt in Christian character, because he introduced into his fellowship friends who were inconsistent with his Christian profession. The Christian gentleman cannot afford to enter into intimate fellowship with cynical, or skeptical, or impure men; and often a man who looks upon life simply as a theater for pleasure is as dangerous for a friend as any one of those first mentioned.

When I was a boy, over in the Oregon hills, there was a family of boys living in the neighborhood whose acquaintance was very fascinating to me. They kept a great pack of hound dogs and were good hunters. My father thought I was seeing altogether too much of them, and so one day refused my request to make a visit to their home. In the petulance and folly of my disappointment I exclaimed: "I never will amount to anything, for you and mother never let me go into society." You see my ideas of society at that time were colored by the conditions of frontier life. Half an hour later, my father discovered these boys coming across our pasture, and called out to me: "Don't worry, Louis, here comes society and all its dogs!" Beware of the dogs of society — the cynics, the gossips, the dudes, the empty heads and empty hearts that live only for the senses and care not for the higher, nobler life of character which must be your chief concern as a Christian gentleman.

Don't fail to have among your friends one or more noble women. No man can afford

to eschew the friendship of pure-minded, sky-souled women. I shall never cease to thank God for the friendship of many good women, but especially for the friendship of one who is now in heaven. She was many years older than myself, and her head was crowned with white hair, but her heart was young and fresh and full of immortal courage. To her, God was always stronger than the devil. The man who did the right thing because it was right was a knight more romantic and splendid in her eyes than any storied figure of ancient fiction or poetry. I never spent an hour listening to that good woman's conversation, no matter what we talked about, but I went away from her breathing the atmosphere of the higher levels of life, feeling that all goodness was possible, and that whatever was good enough to be true in my own career I could afford to struggle after with confidence and hope.

A young man who has a friend like that is fortunate indeed. It is worth more than any money, more than any powerful influence or commercial backing that can be imagined.

It is one of the chief charms of the life of a Christian gentleman that, as he lives faithful and true to Christ, who is his first Friend, by the very law of gravitation he is thrown into association with noble and helpful friends. Christ must be the center of our friendships. We may always be sure of him if we ourselves are faithful. He is One who "sticketh closer than a brother." Let us ever with reverent hearts say to Christ, —

> "Yes, be my friend and look upon my heart,
> On all that's hidden there,
> The deeper guilt that stings me with its dart,
> The unknown sins I bear;
> The passions that distress me
> Let thy pure presence slay,
> The sorrows that oppress me
> Before thee flee away."

VII

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN IN THE TREATMENT OF HIS ENEMIES.

A MAN who has reached mature years and has had no enemies is a man of little force. Any good man who has an ounce of manly purpose and vim in him will be certain to arouse some people in enmity against him. It is only the mushy, jelly-fish order of men, who may be good, but are good for nothing, who go through this world without enemies. There isn't enough in them to attack. There is nothing positive in their nature to arouse antagonism. They mean nothing, and therefore no one has enmity against them, more than against a ball of putty.

Rest assured, however, that the Christian gentleman who is a man of force and character will have to face this problem of the kind of treatment he shall give to his enemies. It has

been so all the way down the stream of history. Abel was a good man, a man of gentle heart and reverent soul, who served his God with fidelity, and against whom history treasures not one word of reproach. But his very goodness, which received the divine approbation, aroused enmity in the heart of Cain. Cain was not Abel's enemy because Abel was a bad man, but because he was a good man. He hated Abel because his deeds were good while his own deeds were evil. This enmity rankled in his heart until he took the life of the first man of spotless character in the story of humanity.

There was nothing of evil in the character or deeds of the young shepherd of Bethlehem to arouse the fierce enmity of Saul. History does not hold a breezier, more wholesome picture of courageous youth than the young David coming down from the hills fresh from his adventures with the wild beasts in defense of his timid flocks ; suddenly thrust into public notice by his daring and brilliant overthrow of Goliath, yet retaining all the modesty of the hill pastures from whence he came. It was

the applause of the giddy multitude that aroused Saul's anger. It was the song of the peasantry, "Saul has slain his thousands, but David his tens of thousands," that stirred the slumbering devil of jealousy in Saul's heart, and aroused him to insane wrath against this new rival for the popular favor.

The noblest man in all history, the young Carpenter of Nazareth, whose whole life had not one unkind deed in it, or one black spot of impurity, was attacked by enemies as vicious and brutal as any in the annals of human hatred. It was his very goodness that aroused their enmity. His pure life rebuked their sinfulness. His love for the poor and the weak rebuked their caste and tyranny. Because Jesus Christ was the one perfect man that ever lived, about his devoted head gathered the arrows of most cruel hatred and revenge.

Don't understand me to be saying that the fact that a man has many enemies is by any means a certificate of saintship. Of course bad men have enemies too. Greed, selfishness, violent and wicked ways, will arouse enmity on every side. But what I do wish to lay the

emphasis on is that in a world constituted like ours goodness is no prevention against enemies, and that a man will have enemies simply because he is positively good. If Abel and David and Jesus brought upon themselves the bitter enmity of evil and designing men by standing for public and private righteousness in their own time and place, we may rest assured that the same course will produce a like result to-day. The fact is that it is as easy to judge a man by the enemies he has made as by his friends. It is infinitely more honorable to have the enmity of people whose deeds mean sorrow or wrong to the community than it is to have their friendship.

There is no place in the ordinary round of human life where the standards of the world come into such sharp antagonism with the standards of Jesus Christ as in the treatment of enemies. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a blow for a blow, a life for a life, has been the standard of mere worldlings in every age. But Christianity is high-water mark in human life. The charm about Jesus Christ is that he brings in a larger hope. He is a

daring optimist. He will not be satisfied with less than the very noblest that is possible to us. With the splendid audacity of his sublime faith in the human soul, he utters his ringing command, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them which hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you."

If that has seemed a hard saying to any of you, I should like to call your attention to the reasonableness of it, and the wisdom of it, on your own account. Some people imagine that these commands are arbitrary, and in some way limit the natural rights and privileges of a Christian man, and curb, to a certain extent, his opportunities for happiness. Yet nothing is more certain than that this sublime and daring command of Christ, if obeyed, adds to and does not detract from any man's joy. To cherish envy or jealousy or malice or a purpose of revenge in the heart is sure to rob the heart so tenanted of all the truest and highest joy. Cherishing enmity in the soul is like nourishing a den of deadly serpents there. These morbid and poisonous thoughts

and imaginations writhe and squirm and emit their deadly venom until the heart becomes a loathsome den, and the conversation of such a person becomes cynical and bitter, and after a time the face itself becomes something of a thermometer of the repulsive inner condition. No man ever made a worse investment in this world than to cherish a mortgage of revenge on some poor fellow-mortal. The more mortgages a man has of that sort the worse he is off. The interest accumulates on them rapidly, and sinks the holder of them the deeper into the mire of spiritual bankruptcy. There is no more pitiable spectacle in the world than to see a man who was created to do noble and brotherly things carrying about a grudge or a spite or a cruel feud against some fellow-man, and saying over to himself or to his neighbor, "It's all right; he has his turn now; but you just wait till I get a chance, and see how I'll put the thumb-screws on him. I'll make him smart for all this!" All the sweet honey of life is turned into the sourest vinegar by cherishing such a spirit of revenge.

It is needless to say that a Christian gentle-

man must not and can not cherish such a sentiment. We belong to a new order of nobility, and it is to us that Paul writes: "Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." We must n't heap the coals on just to see him squirm. There was a woman who had had trouble with her husband, and went to counsel with her pastor about it. After hearing her at length, and coming to the conclusion that she was probably as much in the wrong as the husband of whom she complained, he advised her to try heaping "coals of fire on his head." The woman naïvely replied that she was willing to make the effort, tho she had very little faith, as she had already tried *hot water* without avail.

The Christian gentleman is lifted into a wider horizon than that occupied by the mere man of the world. He is not living for to-day alone, but for the everlasting day after to-morrow. He is building up a character for an

immortal race; he cannot afford to have it narrowed and soured by cherishing petty spites and revenges. He is not the judge of his enemy; he puts the matter out of his mind — turns it over to God.

In those dark hours immediately preceding the overthrow of the French Republic by the Second Napoleon, whom Victor Hugo gave an infamous immortality under the title of Napoleon the Little, a near kinsman of Napoleon came to Hugo at midnight and urged him to get revenge on his enemy and secure the death of the plotting president. But the grand old patriot refused. "I would rather endure a crime than commit one," was his brave answer. Again he said, "I would not kill a child to save a people." "Cato did so," was the reply. "Jesus did not do so," replied Hugo, and he continued: "You have on your side all ancient history; you are acting according to the uprightness of the Greeks, and according to the uprightness of the Romans; for me, I am acting according to the uprightness of humanity. The new horizon is wider ranged than the old." The Christian gentleman is under this

new horizon, with its wider range of vision and achievement.

There is probably no point in the Christian program which has seemed to vigorous, live young men so hard to understand as this command to love our enemies, to pray for them that are despiteful to us, and even to feed them if they hunger. And yet I am ready to break a lance with anybody on the proposition that, great as this burden may seem to be, it is not so heavy as the burden which is imposed on a young man by giving way to feelings of revenge on his enemies. I am free to admit that it is not always an easy thing to live up to this rule; that to a vigorous, manly man, who has red blood in his veins, and a quick, sensitive organization, it often imposes a burden which for the time seems heavy and galling to the shoulders. It is not always easy to turn away from a sneering enemy who taunts us with venomous words, or, it may be, insults us in the presence of those whose good opinion is dear to us. To turn away from stinging epithet or malignant thrust with a forgiving look and restrained speech, and seek afterwards

the good and not the evil of a malicious foe, requires supreme courage on the part of a Christian gentleman. On the other hand, the burden imposed by the self-indulgent standards of the world is heavier still. The world's code of honor among gentlemen says, "If a man insult you, smite him in the face. If he strike you, kill him." And you know full well how that works out in ordinary life. Two men meet; possibly they have been friends, but in discussing questions of business or politics or social life, a difference of opinion arises. Hot words are spoken. In a moment of violent rage one strikes the other in the face. Maddened by the insult, the man struck is roused to avenge his honor as a gentleman, and so with pistol or knife he strikes down the man before him to the earth. His blood runs on the floor or the ground. His helpless victim gasps in death. And how is it with the victor? Is he happy, now that his honor is vindicated? Ah, no! He flies from the place, a poor, haunted, guilty creature. Every wind of the night seems to wail the dying cry of the man whose murder is on his soul. Compared to such a

burden, how light and easy is the burden which Christ lays upon us in requiring us to restrain our wrath, to forgive our enemies, and to seek the good of those who hate us. Surely the poet was right when he said: —

> "The fine and noble way to kill a foe
> Is not to kill him; you with kindness may
> So change him that he shall cease to be so,
> And then he's slain. Sigismund used to say
> His pardons put his foes to death; for when
> He mortified their hate, he killed them then."

Jesus in his prayer which has traveled into all lands makes love toward our enemies the law of life by causing the forgiveness of heaven for our own sins to be conditioned on our forgiving those who sin against us. When we reflect that those who hate us, as well as those who love us, are swiftly passing onward to sickness and death and the judgment, where we must soon meet them, all other sentiments except sympathy towards our fellow-men seem impossible. Whittier writes of such reflection with graphic force: —

> "My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
> Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong;
> So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men,

One summer day I strolled among
The green mounds of the village burial-place;
Where, pondering how all human love and hate
Find one sad level; and how, soon or late,
Wronged and wrong-doer, each with meekened face
And cold hands folded over a still heart,
Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart,
Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,
Swept all my pride away, and trembling I forgave!"

VIII

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN IN PROSPERITY.

THE desire to be rich, to have an abundance, to have more than we need for immediate requirements, seems to be in all healthy natures. It is one of the chief springs of human action. The growth of American civilization furnishes abundant illustration of this fact. While it is true that some of the early Pilgrims came to this country seeking freedom, and ever and anon in later times there have been those from different lands who have sought here an asylum from tyranny and oppression, yet it cannot be disputed that the overwhelming majority of the people who have crossed the ocean and spread abroad until they have covered the continent, felling the forests, bridging the rivers, irrigating the desert, until the whole land blossoms with fertility, have come from a desire to obtain, at least, a more abundant life.

Men are not to be blamed for desiring to obtain wealth. That desire is inherent in human nature. It is the same desire in another form that drives the scholar forward in the pursuit of knowledge. The social leader feels the pricking of the same spur in the effort to gain still higher prestige. It is the same whip that drives the politician, the statesman, the ruler, to taste the sweets of a large power; and, I repeat, all this is natural and wholesome. It is in harmony with the order of things in this world. Everything here is made on a large and generous scale. It is a prosperous world. The sunshine is not eked out, so many sunbeams to an apple-tree, or the showers doled off, so many gills to an acre of corn; but God wraps the world in sunshine, and bathes the earth in showers, and slakes its thirst with running streams.

But while it is right to strive to abound and be prosperous, it is necessary for us to remember that abundance, whether the riches be in gold or knowledge or power, is matched by its responsibilities. That was a splendid thing which Paul said, "I know how to abound."

It is very important for a man to know how to master and control his abundance. The struggle for prosperity is a broad road and long — the gate is wide, and men jostle each other there in crowds. But the way "how to abound" with grace and profit is the strait gate, and its narrow way is trodden by comparatively few travelers.

A wise man once said that a garment which is too long trails in the mire and soon becomes a dirty rag; and it is very easy for abundant riches and large prosperity to become much the same. We have many illustrations in our own time of men whose great abundance has trailed behind them in dissipation or selfishness until their prosperity has been a badge of disgrace. This is true not only of money. Many men who have acquired large stores of learning keep their treasures like withered herbs and butterflies in a museum. Their learning has not been taken up into the blood, and knowledge has failed to make them larger and more splendid men. Power in the hand of a ruler may only mean an exaggerated policeman's club, or it may mean the opening of

doors of opportunity and growth to a whole people.

There are three things a Christian gentleman needs to cultivate in order to learn how to be prosperous with profit to himself and to humanity. The first is activity. The temptation of abundance is toward laziness. I suppose very few of us understand how much the industry and energy we have put into our lives have depended on the spur of necessity. Many a morning we have gotten up early when we would have remained in bed till ten o'clock if the bread-and-butter question had not rudely thrust itself into the problem. New England has furnished a good part of the inventors, the reformers, and leaders of progress in our time, very largely because of a climate and a soil which make man prove his right to exist or die in the attempt.

The American Indians were great hunters when they were hungry, but lost their game scent on a full stomach. With them it was a feast or a famine, but they never hunted on feast-days. There are multitudes of people today who have inherited prosperous surround-

ings, and others who have acquired them through their own energy, who, with their prosperity, have come into habits of self-indulgence and indifference to the demands of duty which utterly unfit them to use their prosperity so as to make it a blessing to the world.

To abound well, a man must hold his prosperity as a sacred trusteeship. The prosperous man must be all the more active and alert in his duties as a citizen and a neighbor because of this added power for which he is sponsor.

Generosity is another lesson which is indispensable to the Christian gentleman in prosperity. The privilege of generosity is one of the greatest perquisites which attaches to abundance of any sort. Under the old Hebrew dispensation it was expressly stated that a dwarf should not be permitted to offer the bread of God. This had special reference to the priests, who were allowed to eat bread, but were forbidden to dispense it to others because of their blemish. Under the Gospel every Christian gentleman is a priest unto God, and when blessed with prosperity should acquire a relish for the joys of generosity. One of the penal-

ties of ignorance is that the unlearned man must forego the keen delight of imparting knowledge. The bitterest sorrow of poverty is that one so situated may not experience that highest type of joy which comes from enlarging the joy and gladness of one's fellows.

The indifference of prosperous people who count themselves gentlemen to the comfort and peace of their fellow-travelers on the journey of life has suggestive illustration in an incident which occurred on a train running out of Boston last summer. It was a dog-day, when everybody was tired and wanted to sit down, that a large, healthy, prosperous looking man carrying a gripsack boarded an Eastern railroad train at the Union Depot. After walking through several crowded cars he finally found a vacant double seat, and, seating himself, placed the bag on the cushion at his side. Just as the train was about to start, another man stopped inquiringly before the large man; the latter said, "This seat is engaged, sir; a man just stepped out, but will return in a moment; he left his baggage here as a claim to the seat."

"Well," said the second traveler frankly,

"I'm pretty tired, and if you don't object, I'll just sit down here and hold his bag for him till he returns."

Then the large man, who was bound for Lynn, earnestly prayed within the inmost chambers of his narrow little heart that his companion might get off at Somerville, or Everett, or Chelsea — anywhere but Lynn or a station beyond.

The tired man thanked his stars for even a moment's seat, expecting every second to be ousted by the owner of the gripsack.

The train moved out of the station. In vain did the large man try to read the stranger's ticket to see what his destination was. Somerville was reached, but the stranger sat quietly in his place, and the large man grew nervous. The train stopped at Everett, and still the stranger gazed peacefully ahead, never budging, and the large man began to perspire. Then came Chelsea; but the stranger held fast to the bag and never offered to stir. The agony of the large man was simply frightful, but he saw he could do nothing but grin and bear it, and get out of the fix as best he could.

But the stranger had by this time fully grasped the situation, and, though thankful for his seat, determined to punish his greedy neighbor for his selfish deception. So, when Lynn was reached, the large man put forth his hand for his bag, but the stranger drew back the same with an expression of surprise, saying, "I beg your pardon, sir, but this is not your baggage."

"But it isn't yours," stammered the owner, blushing.

"To be sure; but I propose to see it restored to the proper person. Here, conductor, here's a man who wants to run off with this baggage that doesn't belong to him. Somebody put it in the seat to secure a place, and evidently got left in Boston, for he hasn't claimed it, and now this man wants to run away with it;" and he gave the conductor a wink which that official, who knew the stranger personally, understood, and promptly replied,—

"The only thing to do is to return the bag to Boston, and store it among the unclaimed baggage."

"But," expostulated the large man.

"Hold on, there," said the conductor, pulling back the lapel of his coat, and showing a police badge; "none of this. What kind of a man was it who left the bag?"

And then the stranger and the conductor and one or two sympathizing passengers combined to confuse the large man, and he, hating to confess his meanness, and knowing not what to do, precipitately fled amid the frowns and sighs of the observers of his wickedness.

But the stranger, with a contented smile, had the bag returned to Boston, where the large, prosperous looking man had to come next day, and identify it. It is needless to say that the really Christian gentleman never finds himself subjected to such mortification as that.

Civilization takes on a diviner glow only as it becomes more truly Christian in its generous fellowship. Dr. Washington Gladden in a recent address recalls that morning on the shore of Galilee where, after his resurrection, our Lord appeared in the early dawn to the disciples who had toiled all night and taken nothing. "Children," said the Master, "have you aught to eat?" They answered him,

"No." And he said unto them, "Cast the net on the right side of the boat, and ye shall find." They cast therefore, and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes. And so Dr. Gladden reasons that, if through the long night of the centuries the toilers on the sea of life have taken less than they hoped for, may it not be because they have sought their gains on the wrong side of human nature — on the side of selfishness and strife? And is it not his voice — the voice of the Son of man — that now, in the dawning of a better day, we hear bidding us cast the net on the other side? — to believe that love is wiser than craft, and that the hand that is open to give will forever hold more of the good of life than the hand which is clenched to keep.

Sympathy for weakness is of course closely akin to this generosity toward our equals. In the creed of the Christian gentleman the strong are to bear the burdens of the weak. Strength is always in debt to weakness. The Christian gentleman will always remember in prosperity those who are climbing the ladder of life below

him, and be ready with the offer of a helping hand. Ella Higginson sings the story of such sympathy: —

"On the lowest round of the ladder
I firmly planted my feet,
And looked up at the dim vast distance
That made my future so sweet.

I climbed till my vision grew weary,
I climbed till my brain was on fire;
I planted each footstep with wisdom —
Yet I never seemed to get higher.

For this round was glazed with indifference,
And that one was gilded with scorn,
And when I grasped firmly another
I found, under velvet, a thorn.

Till my brain grew weary of climbing,
And my heart-strength began to fail,
And the flush of the morning's excitement
Ere even commenced to pale.

But just as my hands were unclasping
Their hold on the last-gained round,
When my hopes coming back from the future
Were sinking again to the ground,

One who had climbed near the summit
Reached backward a helping hand;
And refreshed, encouraged, and strengthened,
I took once again my stand.

And I wish — oh, I wish — that the climbers
Would never forget, as they go,
That though weary may seem their climbing,
There is always some one below."

IX

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN IN ADVERSITY.

To judge a man wisely you must view him from all sides. He must be seen not only in prosperity, but in adversity. I used to know an old man who would whine like a peevish child whenever anything went awry with his plans, and would say, "I can stand prosperity very well, but hard luck takes all my nerve." But a man has not learned the secret of manhood whose muscles do not harden and his nerve stiffen and his heart grow large with purpose as he sets his teeth in the face of a storm. We must make up our minds to it that things will not always go pleasantly. No career is ever without a break in its prosperity. Only weaklings could be made that way. Strong characters can only be formed through struggle. If any man of us is facing the storm of adversity, he need not hang his head and

say that he is treated unjustly or differently from others. Better to let Longfellow sing to him: —

> "Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
> Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
> Thy fate is the common fate of all,
> Into each life some rain must fall,
> Some days must be dark and dreary."

The Christian gentleman may recognize that the dark and dreary days are also the gift of God, and are to be received with grateful hearts because they carry blessings as truly as the days of sunshine.

We must understand that adversity means different things to different people. The quality of the man weighs as much as the quality of the happening. If a man has centered his heart on purely worldly things — if he draws his chief happiness from what he eats and drinks, from the fashionable cut of his clothes, or any other ministration to his merely fleshly life — then any change in his circumstances which gives him less money and less physical comforts is a wind of adversity which fills his life with petty wants unsupplied, and stinging sensations of discontent for which he has no

remedy. But if a man is living a larger life with a wider view, drawing his chief joy from his high relation to God and his loving desire to help his fellow-men, caring most for himself that he shall build up within the circumstances of life a strong and gentle and gracious manhood that shall please God and help humanity, adversity in any ordinary sense in which you may consider it means very much less to him. A child may stand horrified before the deep slush in the street through which a great tall man strides without seeing it, having his thoughts on other things. So there is a slush of annoying and adverse conditions about many a man's feet that may take away all the joy and comfort of life if his eyes are on the slush and his thought in the mud; but if his eyes are aloft, and his thoughts deep in some plans for the nobler side of human living, these things will not move him. Paul must have meant something like this when he said, "When I was a child I spake as a child, I thought as a child: now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things." No man is fitted for adversity who has not grown

out of childhood's petty thoughts about living, and caught a glimpse of God's larger purpose for his life.

In one of Phillips Brooks's greatest sermons, on "The Symbol and the Reality," he declares that there is no better test of the growth of a man than in his advancing power to do without many things that have been at some time essential. That it is like climbing a mountain, where we are compelled to keep our footing securely upon one ledge until we have made sure of the next. Or like the track of an advancing army, which always abounds in multitudes of articles of provision and equipment that the soldiers did not know how to get along without at home, but which the exigencies of the march and the battle-field had soon shown to be unnecessary.

So a man who is really living a strong and earnest life finds in the struggles with adversity that many things which seemed essential are not really essential to our peace or to our serviceableness to the world. For, as Bishop Brooks says, though wealth stands for comfort and respectability, there are fortunately

many men who can see their wealth slip off their shoulders, as a man loses his cloak in the wind, and still be both comfortable and respectable after the cloak is gone. This all comes out very clearly in times of great business stringency such as we have been passing through during the past few years, when many men have been facing adverse winds, and watching their fortunes take wings and fly away. In many a city the contrast has been shown of two men who were in business side by side, and both of whom have failed. But how different was the failure! One of these men kept his honor, his reputation for sterling integrity, his genuine self-respect, and everybody in the town feels that he is larger than his fortune which was lost, and that he is still the same strong, noble man he was before. How sadly different it was with the other man. People fawned upon him because he had money, while he had it, but nobody really respected him, and he knew himself too well to ever have any self-respect. All in the world he had was his money, and when he was caught between the wheels, and his money was

squeezed out from his crushed fingers, there was nothing left. He blew his brains out, or threw himself off the dock. There was a little gurgle, a day's sensation in the newspapers, and it was over.

You can see the same thing in politics. Here are two men that have been prosperous politically. They have been enjoying the appreciation and applause of their fellow-men. But there comes a time when in order to stand by their principles and be worthy of true men's applause, they have either to forego the appreciation of the fickle multitude, or be unworthy of themselves by being untrue; for applause stands for goodness and right, or else it means nothing. Then the truly Christian gentleman in politics goes straight ahead and faces the music, does the thing which is right, says with Henry Clay, "I would rather be right than President," and, though he may be cast out by the populace, shines in his adversity with added brilliance, because he is a large enough man to do without official recognition.

The great danger in adversity is that we

permit ourselves to be narrowed and soured in our feelings. God save us from becoming men who have a grievance! It is possible, if we are truly Christian gentleman, and take opposition or present defeat in the spirit in which Christ took it, bearing it, not with stoic indifference, but with earnest purpose, determined to be helpful to humanity in the face of any odds, to grow larger and more gracious-natured because of the adversities of life. I am sure that, if you think over the men and women you have known, whose advice in any emergency you would regard the highest, whose sympathetic fellowship is most gracious, whose hearts seem to have most overflowing comfort for others, you will find that they are the people whose large natures have ripened amid storms as well as sunshine. Henry Ward Beecher says there are some such men who move through life as a band of music moves down through the street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air to every one, far and near, that can listen. Some men fill the air with their presence and sweetness as orchards in autumn days fill the air with

their perfume of ripe fruit. Some women cling to their own houses like the honeysuckle over the door, yet, like it, fill all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness. Surely we would not shrink from adversity and trial if thereby may be increased the royal gifts of the soul that shall be music to some, fragrance to others, and life to all who come in contact with us! It is a noble thing to wrest sweetness out of life's vinegary days, to store up in us by struggle against odds reserve forces of experience and courage that will fill the atmosphere through which we journey on life's course with a certain indescribable air of hope in which men shall be inspired to do their best.

The soul that lives only for this world and looks at the world only through the senses, cannot help being narrowed and embittered by the disappointments and hurts of life which ought to sweeten and enlarge the nature. A friend brought me from the "Bad Lands," in North Dakota, a rather unique cane cut from a diamond willow tree. This is a very interesting willow that does not seem to grow any-

where except in that strange region. The diamond willow, when it firsts begins to grow, sends up a very thrifty, promising shoot, and gives many early tokens of developing into a large and sightly tree; but, like many men, it does not live up to its promises. As soon as the little twigs and branches begin to die down, it sets all the sap and life of the tree to work building little diamond-shaped tombs about the spot where each branch died, and it so devotes itself to this work that it is in maturity a very dwarfed, scrubby tree. A great many men are like my diamond willow cane. They have lived in such a narrow spirit, and have so turned their thoughts in upon themselves, that they are only stunted, wooden calendars of the different epochs in their lives when enthusiasm or ambition died out, and the dates where they ceased growing. Disappointments and sorrows and griefs, that would have enlarged and enriched their natures if they had lived in a freer and nobler atmosphere, have only served to stunt them and keep them little.

How different is the story of the great pine-

tree and the fragrant balsam-fir, which only grow the higher because some of their lower branches are broken. It is only by catching the inspiration of the upper air as does the pine, that the adversities of life shall enlarge instead of dwarfing us. If we are conscious that we are gentlemen of this royal order, we shall be able to get strength out of trial as did Paul and Christ. The lofty-souled pine, and not the stunted diamond willow, is the true type of a noble manhood. With true poetic insight Ada Bowles voices our theme:—

"World-worn and sad I one day stood
Within the shadow of a wood,
Whose lacing limbs, entangled, spread
Their netted curtains o'er my head.
I sighed: 'O balmy, breathing pines,
Must you, too, feel the vexing lines
That limit growth, that strangle life,
And make of effort endless strife?
Your branches die all brown and bare
With battling for the upper air;
Those broken boughs so closely prest
Your hard imprisonment attest.'

Then fell the answer sweet and low:
'We grow as Love would have us grow;
Our heaven-aspiring heights attain
By crowded ranks and wrestling strain.
The lower life but gives its grace
To find a higher, freer place.

The hindered sap must yet return,
Must still with life's strong purpose burn,
To heal of broken boughs the smart,
To send its fire through the heart,
Enlarging girth, extending root,
And breathing from each tender shoot,
Till, in close fellowship, we rise
To meet the blues of bending skies.
And thus, through ministries of good,
Is grown the monarch of the wood.'
Sing on, O pines, your song of peace,
Sing on till ev'ry doubt shall cease,
That I may trust the perfect plan
That works by love in tree and man."

X

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN AS A KNIGHT OF THE NEW CHIVALRY.

THERE was a time in Europe when nearly all the wealth and military equipment was gathered into the hands of the barons. These feudal lords, having all the arms in their possession, by the aid of their retainers, or serfs, were the real rulers of the country. They became at last little better than bandits, and were very tyrannical and despotic in their power. Chivalry was the christianization of a reaction or protest on the part of many a noble born youth against the brutality and oppression of the barons. Certain young knights, filled with noble desire to distinguish themselves, and at the same time do service to humanity, dedicated their strength and their swords to the defense of the weak and the helpless. The story of chivalry is the story of

much that is fantastic and absurd, but underneath it all was that sublime spirit of willingness to risk and dare in behalf of the weak and the oppressed.

It is a more sublime chivalry to which the Christian gentleman of our day is called. Oppression no longer goes forth in the same rude guise as of yore, and it is not the long sword or the spear with which the modern knight is called to do battle with the oppressors of the weak. It is the knight with the long purse, or the keen pen, or the rapier-like tongue of the orator, or the knight with the big heart of brotherly fellowship and sympathy, who is in demand to-day. The new Christian chivalry has for its motto those splendid words of Paul to the Galatians, "Bear ye one another's burdens." The opportunity for the exercise of this spirit is as wide as human life. The most common and prosaic days are rich in calls for the chivalric and self-denying exercise of brotherly kindness in the bearing of burdens.

One cold morning last winter the Brooklyn end of the great bridge across East River was thronged with business men on their way to

their offices in New York. Most of them were well-dressed, well-fed people, comfortable in their great warm overcoats, and enjoying the morning papers. Just before the bell rang for one train to start, a frail man, evidently a German, came panting into the car, tugging at a large bundle of overcoats carefully pinned in a piece of black muslin; the linings of the coats were folded outside, and were of shining silk. The poor fellow who carried them wore a thin cotton coat without any outer garment, and he shivered like a man with the ague as the cold air swept through the open door of the car. He came to a place where three adjoining seats were vacant, and with a nice sense of not allowing his burden to interfere with his neighbor, the little tailor sank into the middle seat, the bundle of coats on his lap projecting on either side far enough to cover the adjoining seats, but not really interfering with anybody.

The brakeman, however, was angry about something, or else he was a brute by nature, and came thundering into the car, and in a loud voice, harsh enough to attract everybody's

attention from their papers, roared out, "Take care of your bundle; I can't have you filling up the whole car!"

Now the little tailor did not understand one word, but the threatening voice and gesture frightened him as it would a child; all he knew was that he had given offense, and that it was in some way connected with the coats. A frightened, bewildered look came into his face as he looked from passengers to brakeman; but there was no solution. He looked at the coats and the seats and the scowling face above him, and then rose hurriedly, holding the coats in his thin arms that were strained to their greatest possible length in their efforts to reach around the bundle.

"Get along out of here with your bundle, blocking up the whole car!" growled the big man in the blue coat and brass buttons.

In sheer fright the little tailor looked about. He did not understand a word, but the man's voice and gesture said, "Go!" It could not mean that he must leave the car, for the car was in motion now, and there was no chance to get off. Bending under the heavy load, he

went out on the platform, casting an appealing glance backward as he went through the door. He crossed to the front platform of the car behind, and holding the coats lengthwise, so that the only glimpse to be seen was the dented and shabby hat and the brown misshapen boots, with the strained wrists and grimy, thin hands with clasped fingers, he took his position against the door-pane. Some smothered remark from the brute of a brakeman brought the white, frightened face in sight; but the tighter clutch of the hands, and the shrinking out of sight of the rest of the man behind the satin-lined coats, was the only result.

Just at this time a new character came on the scene and took part in the drama. From about the center of the car a magnificent specimen of American manhood stood up leisurely. From the top of the shining silk hat to the toes of the shining boots there was the atmosphere of the wholesome, prosperous gentleman. One gloved hand which grasped the paper he had been reading told of a muscular power that came from good blood, good feeding, and pure living. He glanced neither to the right nor left,

but, with flashing eyes fastened on the brakeman's back, went through the door, and standing directly in front of the tailor, tapped him gently on the shoulder, saying pleasantly, "My friend, put your bundle on this gate," pointing to the closed gate on the inner side of the car platform.

A frightened glance was flashed in the speaker's face, and then at the scowling brakeman, but the tailor did not move.

Crowding the paper into his pocket, the gentleman took the bundle of coats from the tailor's arms and rested them on the gate, with a kindly, "Stand here," to the tailor, who caught at once the meaning that he was to rest his bundle on the gate.

The poor German, with a face full of smiles of relief, took his place beside the bundle, while towering in front of him, with a back and shoulders that gave a sense of protection against all possible ills, was the new protector. The gentleman faced the brakeman, with his silk-lined coat thrown back, a rather set look in his face, the tips of the fingers of one hand inside of his trousers' pocket, his whole attitude, as he faced

the cowed and silenced official, bringing to the mind of an imaginative onlooker the picture of a knight of old with his chivalrous spear at rest.

When the train stopped at the New York end of the bridge the tailor and his knightly defender were the last to leave the platform. As they parted at the head of the stairs the gloved hand touched the rim of the silk hat to the little bent man who was going down the stairs. A face radiant answered the salute, but the burdened hands made its return impossible. A New York editor to whose pen I am indebted for the incident declares that the air seemed eloquent with these words: —

> "The Holy Supper is kept indeed
> In whatso we share with another's need."

The keynote of chivalry is that strength and responsibility go together. Paul, who has been our interpreter of Christ so many times in this series of addresses, and who was himself so magnificent a specimen of the chivalrous Christian gentleman, says, "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak."

I am inclined to give another illustration,

for, after all, one ounce of chivalry with the blood of life in it is worth more than a ton of theory.

It was a tiresome, dusty day on one of our railroad trains. In a crowded car was a very stylishly dressed young man who wore a high hat, patent leather shoes, immaculate cuffs, a spotless collar, and whose whole make-up rather indicated that often belabored individual, the modern dude. He had but just taken his seat when, as the train started on its way again, he noticed across the aisle a tired woman holding a sick babe. The woman's face was a thermometer of her discouraged and despairing heart. The babe was too sick even to cry. It lay moaning and gasping in its mother's lap.

The people who had set the young man down as a specimen of the dude were astonished to notice him, after a moment, as he leaned over the aisle, and said to the woman, "Madam, can I be of any assistance to you? Just let me hold your baby a while. You look very tired."

The woman seemed much surprised, tho the request was made in the most polite and delicate manner.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" she said tremulously. "I am tired!" and her lips quivered.

"I think the baby will come to me," said the young man, with a smile. "Poor thing! it's too sick to make any objection. I will hold it carefully, madam, while you lie down and rest a while. Have you come far?"

"From the Black Hills, but the baby was well when I started. I am on my way home to friends in the East. My husband—my"—and here she broke down in a sob.

"Ah, yes, I see, I see!" continued the young man in a sympathetic tone, as he glanced at the crape in the little traveling hat. By this time he had taken the baby and was holding it in his arms.

"Now you can lie down and rest awhile. Have you far to go?"

"To Connecticut," replied the woman, almost with a sob, as she wearily arranged a shawl over a valise, and prepared to lie down in the seat.

"Ah, yes, I see; and you haven't money enough to go in a sleeping-car, have you, madam?"

The poor woman blushed faintly, and put one hand over her face, while the tears dropped between her worn fingers.

The young man looked thoughtfully and tenderly down at the babe, and in a short time the mother was fast asleep. A woman sitting near, who had overheard the conversation, came and offered to relieve the young man of his charge.

"I am ashamed of myself for not offering to take the baby from the mother before. Poor little thing! It's asleep."

"So it is. I'll surrender it to you now," with a cheerful smile.

At this point the train stopped at a station, and the young man arose in the seat, took off his hat, and said in a clear, earnest voice: "Ladies and gentlemen, here is an opportunity for each one of us to show that we have been brought up in a Christian land, and have had Christian fathers and mothers. This poor woman," pointing to the sleeping mother, "has come all the way from the Black Hills, and is on her way to Connecticut. Her husband is dead, and her baby is ill. She hasn't

money enough to travel in a sleeping-car, and is all tired out and discouraged. What will you do about it?"

"Do!" cried a big drummer down near the water-cooler, rising excitedly. "Do! Take up a collection, the American citizen's last resort in distress. I'll give five dollars!"

The effect was electrical. The hat went around, and the way the silver dollars and quarters and ten-cent pieces rattled in it would have done any true heart good. When the woman awoke and the money was given her, she tried to thank them, but failed completely, and just broke down and cried.

There was a sleeping-car on the train, and the young man saw the mother and child transferred to it at once. I imagine she must have felt toward him very much as the woman did toward Christ when he had saved her from being stoned to death by the mob.

This story has in it something of what I mean concerning the Christian gentleman as a knight of the new chivalry. In the market-place where men struggle for supremacy, in the great manufactories where men and ma-

chinery are so mixed up that manhood is sometimes thought to be only a cog in the wheel, as well as on the dusty roads of travel, or in the more refined circles of fashionable life, the Christian gentleman is to live in the spirit of his Master, using his strength, whether of wealth, or intelligence, or position, to bear the infirmities of the weak.

George W. Cable, the novelist, in one of his short stories, tells of an old German taxidermist who had come suddenly on a fortune, and had determined to build a fine house for his old *frau*. The house was but just completed when one day there rang through the streets of the city an alarm of fire. A business man who was a friend of the old German's noticed that the fire was in the same section of the city where the taxidermist's new house was situated. He repaired as quickly as he could to the place, and found that the house was indeed in the path of the flames. He was informed, however, that the old German, instead of looking after his own house, had hired all the men he could find, and had them pouring water on the roof of an orphan asylum,

two squares away, where he himself was leading them in their efforts. His friend rushed through the smoke to where he was, and told him there was yet time to save his house; but the old man only smiled, and, pointing toward the asylum, said, "This house is full of babies."

A second time he rushed to where the old man was, and pulled him out, and urged him to turn his attentions toward his own house. Then the old man grew grand. Drawing himself up to his full height, he raised his clinched hand over his head, while his face, grimy with smoke and stained with blood from a wound on his brow, grew radiant with the glow of great purpose, as he exclaimed, "It's not my house any more! I traded it to God for this!"

That old German taxidermist had the spirit of Christ's chivalry.

Brothers, let us recall the old crusade spirit in our devotion to Christ in these modern times. Harriet Prescott Spofford sings our battle hymn in her *Crusaders*, —

"With leaping steeds and thrilling trumpet-blast,
Glitter of spears and wind-blown banners blest;
A cloud of dreams of deathless deed and hest

In domes and deserts where the East was vast,
Rode the Crusaders. Far they rode and fast
  From heathen lands the Sepulcher to wrest:
  And kingdoms shook before their mighty quest,
The bounds of empire changed as they swept past.

To-day, where sound of sorrow has enticed,
  Fearless, afoot, through mire of field and fen,
Armed only with the mail of love unpriced,
  Where hosts flame wide or darkness makes its den,
The glad knights seek the Sepulcher of Christ
  Within the bodies and the souls of men!"

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